



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

ed. That Europe may be enabled to introduce the system is our ardent wish ; and we deem it truly auspicious that the task of making the preliminary inquiries has devolved on persons so well qualified for that object, as Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville.

Since this article was written and sent to the press, we have had an opportunity of looking at the eighth report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline in Great Britain, and also at the Report of the Select Committee on Secondary Punishments, made to the House of Commons, June 22d, 1832. We perceive, from these documents, that while enormous abuses still exist in many of the British prisons, reform is advancing with rapid strides. It is highly gratifying to witness the respect with which the Penitentiary System of the United States is referred to. The reports of the Boston Prison Discipline Society are commended in the highest terms.

The Eighth Report of this invaluable institution has also, since these remarks were written, been publicly submitted to the society. Its contents are of the most gratifying and auspicious character. They confirm the claims of the society,—already well established,—to be regarded as one of the most admirable institutions of the age. It is not easy to speak, in exaggerated terms, of the good which it has effected. We learn, with great satisfaction, from this report, that the work of Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, is to be translated by Dr. Lieber.

---

ART. VI.—*Works of Mrs. Child.*

1. *The Ladies' Library.* Vol. 1. *Lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland.* Vol. 2. *Lives of Lady Russell and Madame Guyon.* Vol. 3. *Biographies of Good Wives.* By MRS. CHILD. Boston. 1832 and 3.
2. *The Coronal, a Collection of Miscellaneous Pieces.* By THE SAME. Boston. 1833.

WHEN Napoleon told Madame de Staël that she was the first woman in the republic, who bore the most children, though he said a good thing, it was hardly a true one. We should go somewhat more for the intellectual, and say that she was the

first, and the best too, who wrote the most useful books. Governing ourselves by this standard, we are not sure that any woman in our country would outrank Mrs. Child. This lady has long been before the public as an author, with much success. And she well deserves it,—for in all her works we think that nothing can be found, which does not commend itself by its tone of healthy morality, and generally by its good sense. Few female writers, if any, have done more or better things for our literature, in its lighter or graver departments. She has continued to render herself popular in fiction and fact ; to be graceful alike in telling a village story, and in giving a receipt for the kitchen ; to be at home in the prose and the poetry of life ; in short, to be just the woman we want for the mothers and daughters of the present generation. We have long watched the course of Mrs. Child, and in general, with satisfaction. Sometimes we have been more than satisfied,—we have admired her.

Mrs. Child began, if we mistake not, as a novelist. This, while the field was so full of able adventurers in this department,—we mean abroad, more particularly,—was something hazardous. But on the whole she succeeded. To us this appears the more singular, and the more a subject for self-congratulation with the author, as the work she began with was an Indian story. We are stern unbelievers in Indian tales. We are tired of them,—and were so before Mrs. Child made her essay. We long ago believed that the best specimens of Indian character and life had been given us by earlier authors, some of them the best of whom we can boast. Charles Brockden Brown drew a better picture of the veritable savage, than has ever been painted after him, by any of our literary pencils. We have never been satisfied with a portrait since. Some writers have caricatured the whole affair, while they thought they were working up the warp and woof of their own immortality, at once. It is well for such authors, that the chiefs they meant to depict were not living, to see the outrageous representations of themselves on the pages of their historians. There would have been no chance for them. Wampum and calumet had never been respected towards such adventurers among the red men. They would have been scalped, inevitably. But we cannot stop to particularize. It is enough to say, that the idea of Indian girls wearing ‘mantles’ instead of blankets, and Indian chiefs talking

hexameters, like Alexander Pope, or unmeasured poetry, like Ossian, is too supremely ridiculous for people in health, and in their senses. Yet such Indians we have, by the score, in our Indian novels, shown up with all the gravity imaginable to a simple, wondering, cheated and maltreated public. Mrs. Child drew her savage very well,—though not so well as Brown. Still there was an evident inclination to throw more of civilized life and conversation into the portraiture than is admissible; and though she had too much tact not to avoid the gross inconsistencies into which some who preceded and many who have followed her, have fallen, still *Hobomok* cannot be reckoned by any means faultless, and belongs to the second class of Mrs. Child's productions.

Soon after came the *Rebels*,—a revolutionary story. This was a popular tale in its time,—and, for aught we know, is so now. It made no very high pretensions, but was full of the familiar incidents of the period to which it related, and interested all readers, no doubt by the associations it awakened and the pictures it presented. We have no very particular recollection of its plot,—as who can have, that reads a twentieth part of the novels that are pouring upon us? We remember, however, being pleased by the narrative,—by the drawing of some of the characters, and the management of some of the scenes. Some of the witty portions, or what were intended as such, struck us as not particularly happy. The old jokes of Dr. Byles were rather heavily introduced, and were also not the best which he is said to have committed. Puns, unless they are very good,—that is, very bad ones,—for the worse they are the better,—are a poor material for the pages of a work like the one referred to. The Doctor had wit, but Mrs. Child had done better by us, had she given us some of her own description in the place of these specimens of reverend humor.

We next find her before the public in a position more interesting than ever. No man or woman, it strikes us, can assume one of more moral dignity and beauty, than that of a faithful instructor and enlightener of the young in the way of all excellence. To come down to the multiplied little demands of the youthful mind, and to enter into its interests and feelings, especially when literary ambition and success would seem to allure to higher walks,—or what the world calls such,—is an act, that reflects honor on the intellect of the person who performs it. We say nothing of the heart that

prompts to this sacrifice,—for sacrifice it is, in the instance supposed, when public sentiment is waiting for a new appearance of a popular author, to render a new tribute of public applause.

In becoming the editor of the *Juvenile Miscellany*, Mrs. Child conferred a favor on parents and children alike; especially on the moral and religious portion of the community. This little work is admitted on all hands to be singularly excellent in its way. Its design and execution are both admirable. To one who has thought little of these things, it may appear an easy matter to make a book of this kind; so didactic and simple. But it is this very simplicity, that makes it a difficult work. Nothing is harder than for an intelligent, disciplined, severe mind to adapt itself, in language as well as in manner, to the minds of children. The wisest may prove themselves fools here, though they may be Solomons in every thing else. Witness the extreme difficulty that a sensible man frequently encounters in addressing an assembly of youthful persons,—the pupils at a Sunday school, for instance. We have sometimes had occasion to see this, when it has given us absolute pain, so utterly unable was the speaker to accommodate himself to the little intellects with which he was confronted. We have seen the person, who, a few moments before, had delighted us with his easy elocution, and perhaps stirred us with his eloquence, in the course of an appeal to a miscellaneous audience, sink to something really flat and unprofitable, in endeavoring to express himself to a hundred or two of young listeners. The off-hand, self-confident talker of a popular meeting has been absolutely abashed before the upturned host of infantile intent faces, and escaped from his dilemma only by giving up the matter at once, or subsiding into a strain of remark, natural enough to him, to be sure, but wholly above the comprehension of his hearers. So widely do we depart from simplicity, as we adapt ourselves to this complex world, and so unconscious are we of our departure, till some such emergency convinces us of it, to our confusion! The power alone of producing such a series of short instructive stories as the *Miscellany* presents, so well calculated to captivate the youthful attention, and to fix youthful sympathy, argues a remarkable power of invention. In fact, it is one of the best proofs of the author's capacity for higher things. In the instance of Mrs. Child, this fertility is uncommon,—and we should all hold ourselves happy

that we have a genius who comes to all our hearths, giving token of holding out so well, from the fund she has shown us already.

But Mrs. Child was determined to become a still more decided utilitarian. She saw a great deficiency in the system of house-keeping among us,—and resolved to supply it. This she has done to the letter. Does any one doubt her success? Let ten editions of the *Frugal Housewife* answer such unbelievers. No book, so little like a novel, or a poem, ever had such a run. It was to be found making its way into the boudoirs of the fashionable, as well as into the farmhouse. Every miss from the country who came to purchase a silk in the city, bore away a ‘*Housewife*’ done up in its folds. It was studied to be talked of in *coteries*,—and brought to mind over every lunch upon sponge cake. It laid itself down cosily by Walter Scott and Master Irving, deeming itself, as well it might, fit company for either, for what enjoyment can there be of the intellectual, unless we first attend to a proper regulation of the physical? The economy of mind is connected in more ways than one with the economy of things that pertain to the body. In short, this little volume carried the day over all its contemporaries. It became a general favorite,—and so remains to this day. Its good sense has commended it to mothers and daughters in England and France, and we understand it has gone through some editions in Paris. Now all this is very creditable to the public and the author. We have read portions of the book ourselves, though we are as bad as bachelors, and must say that the *Hints* are worth perusal once a month. As to remarks upon the volume, made by some one, we never cared to inquire who,—evidently clever, but as evidently a tyro in culinary luxuries, and who should have known better withal than to snarl at a lady, while he had the advantage of a periodical to do it in,—to say nothing of their want of gallantry in the abstract,—we hold them to be altogether in bad taste. We must resolutely maintain that ‘hard gingerbread is nice.’

This is a more revolutionary book than any other that Mrs. Child has written,—more so even than the *Rebels*; for the revolution with which this busies itself, extends all over our houses. It operates like a health committee, or a committee of vigilance. No woman will plead ignorance of its texts, and no daughter who looks to an establishment will dare own herself without it. We like this. It is refreshing, once in a while, to see

people really giving their money for what is useful, and letting a poor novel sink out of the market, by the way of the upper shelves of the publishers. It would be well if *cui bono?* were a question nearer the surface of writers' minds in the present day. As it is, a crown is due to every one who makes it a first inquiry, and who is not ashamed to use plain English to answer it. The Housewife, we think, must be intelligible to all; if it be not, it will not be for want of plainness in telling the truth, or of directness in the application of the remarks to many of our domestic prejudices and follies.

The Girl's Book and the Mother's Book were but parts of the general plan which our author appears to have laid out, of designating, in a simple way, the reciprocal duties of parent and child, and of showing to both, by example and precept, the importance of the several relations in which they stand to each other. At least these good lessons are derivable from both the works, whether there was any particular intention of inculcating them or not. The latter takes up the child at the nursery, and carries her through to matrimony,—a very important part of the female pilgrimage. Through all the stages of life between these two *termini*, our author goes, with advice pertinent to each; and we think mothers have reason to pass a vote of thanks to her, for the excellent strain of remark that seasons her pages. The observations upon marriage struck us as particularly sensible. They are in good season for all the world,—and would have been, a century ago. They would form an excellent tract for the continent, and in England especially would they be of pungent application. Alas! even republican America must come in for her share of the reproof which these remarks embody. Indeed, look the world over, and will not the moralist, though he have but a single eye, still see that it continues to be a melancholy time of bargain and sale, in matters of wedlock? We hardly know which is most to blame in this sad business, the parent that sells the child, or the child that suffers herself to be sold. For our own parts, we approve resistance in these affairs, where the heart goes not with the hand. We love the setting up of a beautiful Ebenezer, against unreasonable and unchristian authority.

The works we have thus noticed, with the exception of the novels, are those of Mrs. Child's collection that particularly aim to be useful,—we mean useful in the most direct and simple forms of usefulness. It is not one person in a genera-

tion, though endowed with all the talent to do it, who will undertake to perform the service to society which has been done by this lady. There is an idea that it is an irksome, thankless business, and minds are kept from attempting it by a mistaken impression that there are higher duties, and employments more worthy of a busy spirit. How false and absurd this notion is, we have taken occasion to suggest indirectly, in some previous remarks. We owe something then to the mind that breaks away from this vulgar prejudice, and especially to one that has done so much to meet the demands of society, in a department where so much was wanting.

We have strong doubts, whether the importance of the education of women is sufficiently understood or appreciated among us. Certainly it is not sufficiently considered. Did we reflect more upon the influence they exert upon the whole system of society, there would be more sensitiveness upon this subject, and more active interest expressed with regard to its details. It is probable, did we view the thing aright, that far from holding it an unsatisfactory or inglorious occupation in any one, to develope and direct the female mind in early years, we should esteem it an employment worthy of our best powers, and as satisfactory as it is important. We have great faith in the inclination of the tree from the bending of the twig. Then look at the issue. View the subject, not in a microscopic way, but in its vast bearings. In the formation of the social frame, what constituent so important as the influence,—the mind, of woman! She gives to the life of man its moral tone. How much of our life is passed with her,—how much in trying to please her,—and how much are our habits and feelings formed and graduated by her connexion with us in every stage of existence! In making her, therefore,—in educating her,—we make and educate ourselves. It must be confessed, that as a mass, we are the clay, after all; and that woman moulds us pretty much as she wills. The relations of lover and husband, if considered a moment, will suggest the truth of our sentiments upon this subject. In one case the influence of the female is unrivalled, and in the other, if not always so unquestionable, is still uniform enough, to be called a primary power. Every one who has circulated in society, knows how this influence extends to its customs and its tone of conversation, and to what is called its general character;—and over the literature of the land, it may be traced by a cer-



tain, though perhaps curious and erratic progress. In short, as a principle, affecting the whole social organization, nothing can take precedence of the influence of woman.

Her education, therefore, should look to the great duties to which she is destined,—to the all-important situations which she is to occupy in society. She should be educated as one, who is hereafter to sustain the relation of a mother :—one who is to educate future sons of the republic. An English writer has somewhere said, that the English principle was to educate women in order to marry, and the English practice to give them such an education, as would totally unfit them for being good wives, were not the good influence of nature stronger than the evil one of art,—meaning, we presume, that their being excellent helpmates happened to them much after the manner of Dogberry's reading and writing.

Now, though there may be something of caricature in this, still there is a vein of truth running through it ;—and in our own country how much might be said and done in relation to female education, as a matter intimately connected with the future welfare of the whole land ! How much might yet be done to set utility in advance of accomplishment, to cultivate the region of the heart, as well as that of the intellect, and to fit the whole woman for her own coming years, as well as for the influence she is to exert over those of the many with whom she will be associated !

When we repeat, therefore, our expressions of respect for the class of Mrs. Child's works, on which the above remarks have a bearing, we are only rendering a proper tribute to our author for successful exertions in a humble, though very important department. It is one in which the amount of labor has been trifling, until of late years. Writers, until recently, have seemed to think that there were only men and women to write for. They forgot that there were thousands not of age. With the exception of a few tales by Miss Edgeworth, stories that were intended to inculcate any thing were stories for adults, as much as for the children for whom they purported to be made. We do not complain of this, as a general thing,—for some of the best tales we have are the simple ones which adroit minds have furnished for youth. We mean to say, that it has been reserved for very late years to produce a series of popular fictions, and of moral essays, which have had in view, as the guiding object, the

direct moral and mental improvement of the young. As such, they deserve all commendation, and will produce the best effects in drawing the youthful mind from idle objects, and fixing it on those of real importance.

The Coronal, one of the works named at the head of this article, is a 'collection of miscellaneous pieces, written at various times,' as the author tells us on her title page. Many of them have before appeared in the *Annuals*, and all are well worth preserving in this way. Though she calls them the 'airy nothings' of the mind, Mrs. Child and all who are in the habit of thinking with her on this subject, may be assured that such nothings are frequently our pleasantest literary substance, and find 'a local habitation' in the bosoms of men,—and sensible men too,—where graver matters in octavo are permitted to subside into forgetfulness. We are for preserving these morsels of mind and fancy. They are often the most beautiful gems in the coronal of our thoughts, and have a value proportioned, not to their size, but to their purity and lustre. We shall not stay to designate any of the tales that make up this volume. We will merely observe that they are good specimens of the class of writings to which they belong,—the graceful, gay effusions that redeem our magazines and *Annuals*.

It would be wrong to pass by the poetry, of which the volume furnishes a few short pieces. We know not that Mrs. Child makes pretensions to poetic distinction, but we freely say that she might lay claim to excellence in this particular, and that with a good degree of success. There is among us,—and it seems to pervade nearly all ranks of writers of the day,—a disposition to a rather dangerous and unfair system of criticism as regards our poetry and our poets. It is a system that recognises too much of the principle of *protection*, or what in religion we should call exclusiveness. It inclines to testify rather too emphatically in favor of some one or two of the gentlemen of the 'fine frenzy,' as though they were entitled to a monopoly of praise and veneration for their poetic achievements, be their weaknesses and wants what they may. We see no virtue in this course;—and what we say here, we say in perfect good nature, and under a conviction that those who pursue it, are doing the writers themselves no kindness, because it will make them careless, if not too vain, and others injustice, who, after all, are good company for them, if not fully their

peers. On the other hand, we enter our protest against the critical *tirades*, of which we see too many, against the ablest and purest poets of our land, evidently conducted with a partisan ferocity, and unsupported alike by sense or reason. We hold the true principle to be,—a place for all who deserve it, and impartiality in our presentments, exercised under all the solemnity of a grand juror's oath. Meanwhile we are glad to find one, now and then, of the fairer and better half, whose genius may render questionable the title 'in the male line' to *all* the poetic genius of the republic. Here are some lines by Mrs. Child, full of as high and strong poetry as has appeared in our country, and far better than half of that which is considered orthodox and unapproachable, by many of the *soi-disant* judges of the art. The subject is the Painting, by Vanderlyn, of Marius seated on the Ruins of Carthage.

‘ Pillars are fallen at thy feet,  
Fanes quiver in the air,  
A prostrate city is thy seat,—  
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o’er thy noble brow,  
Though ruin is around thee ;  
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,  
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul  
Though friends and fame depart ;  
The car of fate may o’er thee roll,  
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And Genius hath electric power,  
Which earth can never tame ;  
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,—  
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,  
May melt like mist away ;  
High thoughts may seem, mid passion’s strife,  
Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart  
May be to ruin hurled,  
Like mouldering monuments of art  
Heaped on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,  
Where life hath once been fair;  
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,  
Some Roman lingers there !'

The last production of Mrs. Child, and the one on which we propose to make a few closing remarks, is the Ladies' Library. Of this work, three volumes have already appeared,—excellent specimens,—and constituting so many of a series that our author intends to give to the public, from time to time. The first will prove, perhaps, as interesting as any one to most readers, as well from the subject as the style. It contains the lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland,—both women of eminence,—and the first the most wonderful and brilliant of her sex. We have rarely read lives of more interest. Every one knows the outline of Madame de Staël's career,—but the filling up, in cases of this kind, is, after all, the thing to delight us. Mrs. Child has shown herself to advantage here. The manner of her story is clear, simple, sometimes eloquent, and always in good taste. This is fortunate, where so peculiar a strain is required. In a work that contains a mixture of the biographical with the historical, we might expect some departure from the tone appropriate to both, and an appearance of effort in the writer, to keep up to the spirit of each department. But there is nothing like this. The style is sustained throughout, and sufficiently easy to keep the reader always interested,—just as we are interested by the conversation of a person who talks fluently, to the point, and in full possession of his subject. We are glad to see these leading volumes of a collection that bids fair to be so valuable. It is not enough to hear about eminent men or eminent women, day after day, from eulogists,—or to see them in their works merely. We want the speaking portrait. We want something to which we can have daily recurrence, if necessary, as to a perfect picture of the person;—to which, as an example, we can point our children, and tell them to aspire. To be sure, Madame de Staël was a being who reached a point, by the aid of genius and circumstances, to which most female minds must despair of attaining. Still, lessons, emulative, instructive and cautionary, may be drawn from her character. No intellect has *all* its powers beyond the reach of any other that improves its own endowments as it *ought*, and as it *can*. In some respects

certain minds are alone in their elevation. But it is only in certain respects. By perseverance, others may arrive at an equal height in some distinct department.

We have always been struck,—we may almost say amused, though in rather a sad way,—with the bearing of Napoleon towards Madame de Staël. To us, it always formed one of the most interesting passages in his and her history. His conduct towards this lady certainly was indicative of very peculiar sentiments, and betrayed the feelings of the man to a degree which the First Consul was not accustomed to allow. We recollect no person with whom he came into contact during his career, that occasioned him so much chagrin as the author of *Corinna*. All this was complimentary to her no doubt,—and we believe that she felt it to be so, notwithstanding her tone of complaint and vexation at her persecution; for to possess a mind capable of troubling one like Bonaparte's, and to be told of it too, was something out of the common order of things. The fact is, that Napoleon stood in singular fear of this extraordinary woman. Most of the sex he despised, or treated in a light manner, which his historians call playfulness; but we doubt whether he would have dared to pat Madame de Staël's neck, or pinch her ear. Still, though he did not literally lay ungentle hands on her, the story of his enmity and malignity towards her is enough to show what he was willing to bring himself to do through the agency of others, and how little a great man may become by listening to his selfishness and passions.

In the matter of her exile, we hardly know which to be struck with most,—the evil spirit of the despot, brought to the determination of effecting her banishment,—the diplomatic adroitness of Talleyrand,—or the shrewdness of the victim. The little scene in which the order of removal is broken to her, is well managed; and we present it, in the language of Mrs. Child.

‘Napoleon requested Talleyrand to inform her that she must quit Paris. His characteristic *finesse* was shown in his manner of performing the embarrassing office assigned him by the First Consul. He called upon Madame de Staël, and, after a few compliments, said, “I hear, Madam, you are going to take a journey.” “Oh, no! it is a mistake, I have no such intention.” “Pardon me, I was informed you were going to Switzerland.” “I have no such project, I assure you.” “But I have been told,

on the best authority, that you would quit Paris in three days." Madame de Staël took the hint and went to Copet.'

'This was noble severity. To follow it up with something in perfect keeping,—"the minister of police gave out," in *certain terms*, that if Madame de Staël, on her return to Copet, should venture one foot within forty leagues of Paris, she was *a good prize*." The exile afterwards "drily remarks," says Mrs. Child, "that it was the custom of Bonaparte to order *conscripts* and *women* to be in readiness to quit France in twenty-four hours."

In connexion with this subject, we quote one or two sayings of Napoleon as set down by Mrs. Child. They show, what we have intimated above, the fear in which he stood of his fair foe.

'When he was told that no woman, however talented, could shake the foundation of his power, he replied, "Madame de Staël carries a quiver full of arrows, that would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow."

'Napoleon, in one of his conversations at St. Helena, excuses his uninterrupted persecution of Madame de Staël, by saying that she was an ambitious, intriguing woman, who would at any time have thrown her friends into the sea, for the sake of exercising her energy in saving them.'

A few years make almost necromantic changes in the fortunes of some people. How different the condition and tone of Talleyrand, the *diplomat* of Napoleon in this graceful *ruse*, just related, to get Madame de Staël out of Paris, because her arch enemy thought the air was bad for her,—of Talleyrand practising a little of his exquisite tact on one who had an almost equal portion with himself, and effecting a grand object for his master, in a tone of levity with which he would have arranged an excursion into the country,—from those of Talleyrand just returned from America, emptying his purse of fifteen francs,—his whole fortune,—on a table before Madame de Staël, and assuring her that unless she helped him, he should try what virtue there was in the Seine!

The result is known. As the story goes, Madame de Staël, then the most eloquent and powerful individual of the *coterie* that directed the Directory of Barras, interfered with good effect, in favor of her friend, and the ex-bishop became minister of Foreign Affairs. Since that time, fortune can hardly be said to have stood doubtfully with him, and the admirable sagacity with which he has managed to play Vicar of Bray on a digni-

fied scale, through all the phases of empire to which the French government has been subjected, is, we believe, universally acknowledged. That Madame de Staël should have felt some indignation towards her former *protégé*, now ambassador extraordinary indeed, in the capacity in which he stood before her, is hardly to be wondered at ; and when we take into view all that may naturally have occurred to her mind on retrospect, as connected with the bearer of the consular hint, we must confess that the feeling of hatred which she conceived, and afterwards exhibited, was by no means singular. We suspect that she was not of a temper to forgive ingratitude as a matter of course. She was too ardent in her attachments not to be strong in her resentments.

The life of Madame Roland is, on the whole, a more interesting biography than that of Madame de Staël. For fortitude and daring, this woman has not her superior in history. Her persecution and suffering afford an example of the degrading pass to which man may be brought by the power of evil passion. The horrors of the French Revolution are proverbial ; but if any one thing, more than another, exhibits in full relief, the malignity of man, it is the hunting down of woman to torture and death. Such depravity is a perfect inversion of the order of human nature,—and its exhibition is revolting, to the last degree. Napoleon, as we have intimated above, betrayed not a little of this ferocity in his conduct towards Madame de Staël. It was in principle the same disposition, that actuated the fiends who brought Madame Roland to the scaffold.

The second volume of the series contains the lives of two women, conspicuous, though in different ways, in their several times and countries ; Lady Rachel Russell in England, and Madame Guyon in France. If Madame de Staël may be called a *great* example of her sex, the two personages here exhibited may with equal emphasis be pronounced *good* ones. The fortunes and fate of Lady Russell are familiar to all readers of English history. They are set forth here with considerable effect,—and we think her case worthy of preservation, in the way our author has chosen, as an instance of exceedingly praiseworthy regard and affection for her unfortunate husband, and of high and dignified endurance under a complication of singular sufferings. Her life embodies not a little of romantic and tragic incident ; but doubtless much of the interest derivable

from that source, and which in our own day lends a melancholy attractiveness to her story, was lost upon the public mind in the troublous times of the Charleses. Unfortunately, persecution and suffering for conscience's sake were too common matters at that period, to permit an individual instance to be long regarded, or much wept over. Lady Rachel married Lord William Russell, while he was a younger brother; and it was after his accession to the title, and while he was necessarily absent during his elections, on political business in London, or in attendance at Oxford, that those letters were written, which are so peculiar for their warmheartedness and simplicity, and exhibit such a spirit of affection and zeal. These letters constitute most of that portion of the volume, which is devoted to Lady Russell. We gather from them, that she was of a pious inclination; and all her views and feelings seem to have partaken of a peculiar purity and holiness. The dispositions she manifested at this time were all in accordance with the true and unbending principle, which seems so well to have supported her in her after trials.

Lord Russell was a friend of liberty. He opposed openly the grasping prerogative of the king. He held with the people as to jealousy of French influence, and the intrigues of the Roman Catholics,—and he favored the bill to exclude James from the succession. Of course, even if he did not act, he professed enough to subject himself to the pains and penalties of meddling with such delicate and dangerous matters. Besides this he was one of a council of six, chosen to consult upon the measures necessary to check the despotic doings of Charles and his brother. This implicated him beyond escape,—and he was associated in his fate with Essex, and Monmouth, and Howard, and Hampden, and Sidney, who, it is well known, came to utter confusion in the cause they had undertaken. He was arrested,—and though escape was offered him, just before his commitment, by some connivance of the court, he was too well grounded in his principles, to take advantage of it.

‘Burnet tells us,’ observes our author, ‘that the day before Lord Russell was arrested, a messenger was observed many hours waiting near his door,—a measure that was taken in so open and careless a manner, (the back door of his house not being watched,) as led to the suspicion that it was intended to frighten him away.’ Had Lord Russell fallen into this



snare, it would have saved them from the odium of his death, and would have given them a fine opportunity to blacken his character. But he, conscious of no other political opinions than those which he had long and openly avowed in Parliament, refused to avail himself of this insidious measure; and his 'faithful, obedient and most affectionate wife,' was tempted by no unworthy weakness to advise him to a course of conduct inconsistent with his innocence and honor.

Lord Russell would not attempt to leave the house, while the messenger from the Council was pacing before his door, although he was ignorant of what, and by whom, he was accused. His lady was sent to obtain information and consult his friends; with what anxiety the task was performed, we can well imagine. During the fortnight, that elapsed between his commitment to the Tower and his trial, she was diligently employed in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every measure of precaution. She accompanied him to court on the day of his trial; on which occasion the crowd was so great, that the counsel complained of not having room to stand. When Lord Russell requested to have a person to take notes of the trial for him, the chief justice said, 'any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please.' To which Lord Russell replied, 'My wife is here to do it.' As he spoke, the excellent daughter of the virtuous Southampton rose up and stood by his side. It is much to be regretted, that history does not inform us how she supported herself through that fatal day, or how she received the tidings of the death of Lord Essex, which were suddenly brought into court, and which she was aware would have a material influence on her husband's destiny. We only know that she so commanded her feelings, as neither to disturb the court, nor distract the attention of her husband.

Lord Russell simply pleaded not guilty, and appealed to the laws of his country. But what were they, opposed to the *quiddities*, evasions and tricks of lawyers who would be courtiers, packed juries, and a judge whose sense of justice was so overruled by his fears, that he suffered '*I would to wait upon I dare not!*' Even as it was, our author observes that it was thought Chief Justice Pemberton did not state the matter with sufficient eagerness against the noble prisoner, and he was soon after turned out of his office.

Every measure was taken to save the victim. The Earl of Bedford, the writer remarks, offered the Duchess of Portsmouth the enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds, if she would procure his son's pardon. But notwithstanding her love of money, she did not dare to move in the business. Offers, too, were made on every side, to aid him by force and stratagem to escape, but Lord Russell refused to listen to any proposition. The closing scene of his life is given with some effect. The author presents it in the language of some writer, whom she quotes.

'He went into his chamber about midnight, and I staid all night in the outer room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning; and was fast asleep till four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving,—for he said he was not concerned in his good looks that day. He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me. He wound up his watch, and said, "Now I have done with time, and am going to eternity." Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said he hoped to sing better very soon. Observing the great crowds of people, he said, "I hope I shall soon see a much better assembly." When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it three or four times. Then he turned to the sheriff, and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the King's life, or government,—he prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion.'

Lord Russell, continues our author, was beheaded on the 21st July, 1683,—dying as he had lived, the firm friend of truth, of the Protestant religion, and of the liberties of his country. The substance of his speech to the sheriff was a profession of his sentiments in relation to the church, and an unqualified rebuke of Popery in every form. The same speech, and the paper he delivered to the officers on the scaffold, are still preserved, remarks the writer, at Woburn Abbey, in letters of gold.

From this time forward, the life of Lady Russell seems to have been a struggle between her duty and her grief. Profound as her sorrow was, and deep, oftentimes, as was the shadow of her melancholy, she seems never to have forgotten that

it was incumbent on her to resist their influence, for many and high reasons. She had children about her, now drawn nearer than ever by an interest doubly strong. This awoke her anew to all a parent's feelings and duties. She was left the guardian of her husband's principles and fame. This recalled her to all the duties of a wife. She was to exhibit to the world that she was proud of the sentiments professed by one who was called to suffer unjustly, and that the eternal principle of right afforded an inward support, that no power on earth could subdue. This recalled her to a consideration of herself. As an example in these respects, she was certainly uncommon, and not to be reached by every mind, though by every mind worthy of strong regard and active imitation in cases of weighty and accumulated trial. As might be supposed, attempts were made to distort the intentions, and blacken the character of Lord Russell, after he was gone, and as was suggested above, there was no occasion on which the good wife shone more conspicuous, than in his lady's unflinching defence of his excellent character, and constant effort to preserve the purity of his reputation.

Nothing can show more strongly the high estimation to which her lofty virtue commended her, and the sentiments of respect with which she was regarded, than the conduct of the Prince and Princess of Orange, in expressly ordering the Minister Dykvelt, as soon as he arrived as Plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, to condole with her, and to express their sense of the loss sustained by the Protestant religion in the death of her husband. A reversal of his attainder was one of the first acts of William and Mary. Thus was the cloud in a degree lifted from the fame and fortunes of the house of Russell, and the faithful wife and noble mother came at last to bask in the sunshine that seemed to have been withdrawn from her forever. She died, our author informs us, at the age of eighty-seven, having survived her husband forty years. The whole range of history presents few women who reflect more honor on the sex, for high moral courage, uncommon kindness and devotion, unquestionable virtue, and unsullied purity.

The story of Madame Guyon is that of a devout enthusiast. It presents a curious instance of the extravagance to which the human mind will suffer itself to be carried, under the influence of strong excitement. The intensity of Madame Guyon's pious feelings seems to have been coincident with her youth; and several things that she relates, while they show

the depth of her childish devotion, betray also the absorbing spirit of her enthusiasm. On one or two occasions she seems to have been sensible of a *falling off*. She said of herself, 'I fell into a state of indifference and indevotion; though I still kept up the outside appearance with a good deal of care; and the habit I was in, of being at church with modesty, made me appear better than I was. Vanity, which had been excluded from my heart, now resumed its seat there. I began to pass a good deal of my time before a looking-glass. All seemed to me to look beautiful in my person, but I saw not that it covered a polluted soul.' And again, after her marriage, which seems to have been unfortunate, from the severity of her husband's treatment, she says,—'such heavy blows so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became *like a lamb that is shearing*. I found that whatever I said was offensive, even things which others would have been pleased with. I knew not how to act.' This unhappy marriage was in a few years dissolved by the death of her husband,—of whom, though she paid him exemplary attention during his last illness, she seems to have been willing to be relieved,—if we may gather any thing from her exclamation, when told that he had expired,—'Oh God, thou hast broken my bonds and I will offer thee a sacrifice of praise.' Still, self-inflicted torments seem to have been her delight. None of the austerities to which she subjected herself satisfied her love of suffering. Pincers, and all instruments of torture did not give her pain sufficient. Mortification perpetual and of the deepest kind seems to have been sought for with a morbid avidity. Nor was it confined to the body. She subjected the poor and tried spirit to denials on every occasion that offered. Some of them amuse from their simplicity as well as singularity. She kept a turbulent and troublesome girl, because, as our author says, she thought her soul needed 'a perpetual blister to sting it into passiveness.' She refused all company and amusements, as being in proper keeping with her profession of entire abstinence,—and on one occasion, being near the Queen, whom she had never seen, but strongly desired to see, she refused to look at her, supposing it to be the indulgence of a spirit at war with the self-denying one she had taken up. She had miraculous dreams,—and seems to have participated in all the extravagant spiritual movements, that distinguish people of unchecked devotional enthusiasm. Perhaps nothing will prove this better than her story of her res-

toration from a fit of illness. A holy priest, Father la Combe by name, was her illuminator and supreme director in all things concerning her soul. We give the words of our author.

‘I had not a penny to help myself with, as I had reserved nothing to myself. Thus I practised poverty, and was in necessity even among those to whom I had given all. They wrote to Father la Combe, desiring him to come to me, as I was so extremely ill. On hearing of my condition, he was so touched with compassion, as to walk on foot all night, it being eight leagues. As soon as he entered the house, my pains abated; and when he had prayed, and blessed me, laying his hand on my head, I was perfectly cured, to the great astonishment of my physicians, who were not willing to acknowledge the miracle.’

At length she and Father la Combe ‘were accused of heresy and other great crimes.’ The latter was imprisoned in the Bastille in 1687.

Of her acquaintance with Fenelon, our author says,—

‘The family of Fouquet were intimate friends of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; and Madame Guyon had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. Having a dislike of every thing like an affectation of singularity, he was at first disposed to avoid her; but the modesty of her demeanor, and the extreme simplicity and gentleness of her manners soon prepossessed him in her favor. Although she was more unreserved and incautious than the Abbé Fenelon, she strongly resembled him in her disinterestedness, her love of God, her conscientious courage, and her total abandonment of herself to the guidance of Divine Providence; it is not strange, therefore, that he became one of her disciples, as well as a zealous friend and admirer.’

Fenelon was the only one of a commission appointed to examine the writings of Madame Guyon, who refused to sign a condemnation of them; which, our author says, implicated him in her impotent heresy,—even as his enemies wished. Madame Guyon was soon after imprisoned in the Bastille. While in confinement, ‘she composed five volumes of hymns and spiritual poems, several of which have been translated by Cowper. They are full of devotional fervor, and the versification is free and flowing.’

It is stated that she recovered her liberty in 1701 or 1703, when she was exiled to Dizieux, near Blois, at which latter place, after fifteen years, she died at the age of seventy.

Upon a character like that of Madame Guyon much might be said or written, but it carries with it its own commentary ; and we apprehend that Mrs. Child must have supposed that something in the way of warning as well as much instruction, was to be drawn from the example which it offers. It ought to serve as a rebuke of religious extravagance every where, by showing how easily enthusiasm may degenerate into absurdity, and how nearly allied our simplest and best feelings are to self-delusion. On the other hand, as an example of strenuous piety, of patience, humbleness, active benevolence, and sincerity, it is to be commended ; and we have reason to be satisfied with so clever a portrait of ‘one of the most remarkable of the mystics.’

In her ‘*Biographies of Good Wives*,’ which constitute the third volume of this series, and the last production of our author, Mrs. Child has given us some excellent pictures of women, many of whom were celebrated in their time, to an eminent degree ; women who were great under many circumstances, and good under all. They have entered into history ; and their characters go to form a portion of its exemplary matter in the particulars of praise-worthy endurance, conjugal fidelity, and active virtue,—in short, in the way of all excellence. The book is calculated to be interesting to intelligent young readers ; and though most of the lives are familiar in their leading incidents to the general reader, there will still be something found in the volume new and pleasing even to children of an older growth. There is no portrait in the gallery here opened to us, to which we can point with peculiar emphasis, as containing any thing very extraordinary in its lineaments or execution. It is enough to say that there are many fine heads, and that the management of the coloring is generally judicious.

The story of Lady Fanshawe is one of the most entertaining in this volume. She was the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, who came to be a personage of consequence with Charles the First, and under the Restoration. Of Sir Richard we are told that he was educated a lawyer, but loved travel better than the profession. He went to Paris with only five pounds. The night he arrived, two friars invited him to play,—and he proved himself a perfect pigeon in their hands. But it was a good lesson,—and nothing during his life could tempt him to play again. But though too poor to purchase a supper in France, he soon became a man in much demand in Eng-

land. He married; became secretary of embassy,—and afterwards ambassador. In all his travels, dangerous as they were at that time, when undertaken for the State, his wife proved his true and brave companion. Sir Richard undertook to carry letters from the Queen Mother to Charles II., then on his way to Scotland. He was well received by the wandering king, who entrusted him with the Privy Signet and Great Seal. But he was fated to ill fortune. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. Here again the true wife appears. Our author says she immediately hastened to London. ‘They met in poverty and in sorrow; and there was an oppressive consciousness that each hour might be the last of the prisoner’s life. He assumed a cheerful tone, saying, ‘Let us lose no time, for I know not how little I may have to spare. This is the chance of war; so let us sit down and be merry while we may.’ During his imprisonment, she never failed to go secretly with a dark lantern, at four o’clock in the morning, to his window. She minded neither darkness nor storms, and often stood talking with him, with her garments drenched in rain. She begged and obtained his release of Cromwell. After the Restoration, ‘the King promised to reward Sir Richard Fanshawe’s fidelity, by appointing him Secretary of State; but by the treachery of Lord Clarendon, the royal word was not fulfilled.’ He was afterwards appointed ambassador to Portugal,—and subsequently to Spain,—where he died. The conduct of his wife, through all the scenes of trial which she passed so triumphantly, is worthy of all admiration.

In her sketch of Mrs. Flaxman, wife of the sculptor, our author introduces the following singular anecdote.

‘One morning a stranger called upon him, and, presenting a book, said, “This work was sent to you by an Italian artist, and I am requested to apologize for its extraordinary dedication. It was generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead; and my friend, wishing to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, has inscribed his book ‘*Al ombra di Flaxman*,’ [To the shade of Flaxman.] No sooner was it published, than the report of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake, (which he rejoices to find a mistake) begs you will receive his work as an apology.”

‘Flaxman smiled,—accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family, and some of his friends.

‘This singular occurrence happened on the 2d of December. The next day he took a cold, from which he never recovered. He died peacefully, as he had lived.’

In the life of Mrs. Blake, the following equally curious anecdote is told concerning that bold artist.

‘His poetic mind threw its own glowing coloring over the most ordinary occurrences of life. “Did you ever see a fairy’s funeral, madam?” he once said to a lady, who happened to sit by him in company. “Never, sir!” was the answer. “I have,” said Blake, “but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden, there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral.”

‘The Ancient of Days was such a favorite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted with his choicest colors and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it,—held it at arm’s length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, “There! that will do! I cannot mend it.” He saw his wife in tears,—she felt that this was to be the last of his works. “Stay, Kate!” cried Blake, “keep just as you are,—I will draw your portrait,—for you have ever been an angel to me.” She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.’

The wife of Luther figures among the subjects of the work. Our author introduces an anecdote, that sets the Reformer in a characteristic light.

‘The spirit of light and liberty diffused by Luther, found its way even into the dark recesses of the cloister. It became no uncommon thing for monks to quit their profession; and at last woman’s feebleness arose and shook off the yoke that had broken many a pure and loving heart. In 1523, nine nuns escaped from the Convent of Nimptschen, near Grimma. This event of course produced a great excitement; even the princes who were favorable to the reformed religion, did not dare to protect the fugitives openly.

‘But Luther, as usual, scorned to proceed with caution. He wrote and spoke boldly in defence of the nuns, and praised those who had assisted them to escape. He even went so far as to



throw off the monastic habit, which he had continued to wear until that time. Among the nuns was Catherine de Bora, a handsome woman, of highly respectable family, who became the object of a very strong and enduring attachment on the part of Luther. Some lingering prejudices concerning the propriety of marriage between a monk and nun, induced him to repress his feelings for a time. But finding nothing in Scripture to support his scruples, and being strongly urged to it by his revered parents, he suddenly resolved to marry. He was united to Catherine de Bora in 1525; the bridegroom was forty-two years old, and the bride twenty-six. Considering the state of public opinion at that period, the power and rage of his enemies, and his own want of fortune, it was certainly a very bold step; but it was one which he never repented. The advocates of the Romish church took this occasion to pour forth a fresh torrent of abuse. Some affirmed that he was insane; others that he was possessed by an evil spirit; and many loaded both him and his wife with epithets which it would pollute these pages to quote. The storm raged with such fury, that even the courageous Luther was a little disheartened at first. He says, "My marriage has made me so despicable, that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils."

But we cannot stay to particularize. We refer our readers to the volume, as a volume of very pleasant and satisfactory reading. The biographies of the wives of Klopstock, Wieland, Huber, and Schiller, struck us as more particularly interesting, perhaps from the excellent virtues developed by those patterns of their sex,—and perhaps from their connexion with men so admirable in the ranks of learning and genius. We cannot but observe, by the way, that Mrs. Child proves by the examples she has adduced, what she professedly desires to illustrate, that a woman may be perfectly happy, though she bind herself, heart and hand, to a painter, a poet, or a politician; to one of the class that many call visionary or gifted, and which is perhaps better known, the world over, under the sweeping title of the *irritable genus*. It is, as every observer knows, the common, good-natured misapprehension of the day, as it was of the days of our fathers, that if a person be so unfortunate as to be endowed by Providence with an uncommon share of the 'fine frenzy,' the gift must be accompanied, as of course, with a plentiful lack of that good sense, which is essential to the successful management of dollars or domestics, shop-keeping or house-keeping; and of that pure, substantial affection,

which is the only saving principle of wedded life. The hope of any good issue, from the alliance of a gentle with a strong and irritable spirit, has been thought absurd. We trust that this notion may get to be old fashioned, before the world advances much further; and we are glad to see instances held up, that go so far to prove that it is 'not law.'\*

Meanwhile, it cannot but have struck the reader of this volume, that if Mrs. Child merely intended it to set forth the biographies of good wives, she has done more than was 'set down in the bond.' She has given us here the lives of good husbands as well as of good wives,—and that in so many instances, that it would warrant a change of the title. In some cases, it must be allowed that the wife plays but a second part in the story, and we are constrained to say, that on one or two occasions, the lady was in so dim a distance that we could hardly discern her. But these are trifles. The writer is true to her main object, in the leading portraits.

Many of Mrs. Child's books have been uncommonly popular. The republication of them in England† shows this, and while it

\* An entertaining work, lately published, entitled *Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets*, contains several instances of love and fidelity that might come into this collection. They prove that unless there be something dangerous in fervor and good faith, woman need not fear to put her heart in the keeping of genius. The case of Chaucer is a very pleasant one, as here related. That of James the First of Scotland and Lady Jane Beaufort is well known. The author thus refers to it.

'When the king of Scots was released, he wooed and won openly, and as a monarch, the woman he had adored in secret. The marriage was solemnized in 1423, and he carried Lady Jane to Scotland, where she was crowned soon after, his bride and queen.

'How well she merited, and how deeply she repaid the love of her devoted and all accomplished husband, is told in history. When James was surprised and murdered by some of his factious barons, his queen threw herself between him and the daggers of the assassins, received many of the wounds aimed at his heart, nor could they complete their purpose, till they had dragged her by force from his arms. She deserved to be a poet's queen and love! These are the souls, the deeds, which inspire poetry,—or rather which are themselves poetry, its principle and its essence. It was on this occasion, that Catherine Douglas, one of the Queen's attendants, thrust her arm into the stanchion of the door, to serve the purpose of a bolt, and held it there till the savage assailants forced their way by shattering the frail defence. What times were these!—alas, the love of women, and the barbarity of men!'

*Vol. I., p. 143.*

† We have just been shown a beautiful edition of the *Mother's Book*, printed in London. We have also recently been told, on good author-

bears testimony to their extensive circulation, proves, moreover, the good sense of our brethren on the other side of the water.

But we must close. We trust that Mrs. Child will continue her useful labors, and have no doubt that they will be received with constantly increasing favor. We would not have her desert fiction altogether. This would be needless severity of construction, in determining what was useful. High and beautiful lessons may be inculcated by a good story, and as good a rule in morals *deduced*, as *laid down*. We are in favor of the employment of efficient mind in the realms of fancy. We want works of imagination that shall do us honor and good at the same time; and these we can have. Genius is not slumbering in our land, and there are a thousand fields, as yet untrodden by its restless foot. Prose, it must be confessed, is the favorite language of the time, both with authors and the world at large,—a consequence, as every one sees, of the matter-of-fact character of the age. As to writing grave essays in verse, or a treatise on the sciences in ‘Lydian measure,’ though once held not only possible but quite proper, men now would stare at the suggestion. Still we are no believers in the theory of those, who deem poetry altogether among the things of yesterday. Poetry can never die. It can never pass away. It is too much a part of ourselves. We hope for better things than our country has yet seen in this delightful art, and it lies with some of our best prose writers,—writers who have gone into the same fields with Mrs. Child, and given us poems in their sketches and tales,—to bring this about. There is too much inclination abroad to depreciate poetry; and the desertion of her standard by those who are best able to bear it bravely and well, is treachery to their country’s honor, as well as to letters and themselves. We repeat, then, that we hope for better

---

ity, an anecdote in reference to one of Mrs. Child’s popular works, lately published in Great Britain, which is worth relating, as an example of the amiable spirit of *nationality*. The publisher took the precaution to mention in his preface that his edition was true to the original, save in those instances where he had expunged the *Americanisms*. As thus expurgated, it came before the English public. A copy has since been faithfully examined here, and compared with the Boston edition. The only alterations consist in inserting ‘this country’ in the place of America, or United States, so as to suit it to the meridian of the United Kingdom. Thus much for *Americanisms*!

things. We look for high and powerful efforts in this department of our literature, and trust that the time is not distant when we can point to works that shall be destined, and shall deserve, to live with those that have already become classic in our language.

---

ART. VII.—*Vaughan's Memorials of the Stuarts.*

*Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England from the Decease of Elizabeth to the Abdication of James II.*

By ROBERT VAUGHAN. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1831.

THIS book has not been republished in this country, and we have seen but one or two notices of it even in England. To explain its object, we cannot do better than to borrow the words of the Preface.

‘The revolution of 1688 is the acknowledged epoch of our civil and religious liberties. That revolution, though accomplished with little effort and without commotion, was the result of a protracted struggle in behalf of popular rights, and of one maintained chiefly by religious men. In its earlier stages, this patriotic contention derived its main strength from the Puritans: and during the last, when it received important aid from members of the established church, it was an object of the utmost solicitude with the body of English non-conformists; nor is there any hazard in saying, that their weight was then found sufficient to turn the scale on the better side.

‘The influence of these parties, and especially of the Puritans and their descendants, on the great question of civil freedom and liberty of conscience, is a topic of inquiry equally curious and valuable. It was not to have been expected that writers, having no sympathy with the religious principles of these men, should treat their story, in this view of it, either adequately or fairly: and it is a little singular that no non-conformist should ever have attempted that separate and continuous investigation of it, which its interest and importance so clearly demand. The leading design of the author has been to produce a work of this nature.’

In the phasis which the civilized world is now rapidly assuming, fresh motives are plentifully supplied to look back and study the events Mr. Vaughan has undertaken to describe. No portion of political history presents more striking lessons of